

Charlesworth
"The mighty dead
"Who blessed mankind and humanised the world."

THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN

AND

Record of Unitarian Worthies

BEING A HISTORY OF THE UNITARIAN REFORMATION OF RELIGION IN EUROPE AND AMERICA
DURING THE LAST THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS.

With some Account of the most Notable Works written by Unitarians.

No. 6.—VOL. XVIII.]

JUNE, 1874.

[NEW SERIES.—PRICE 1½d.

A BRAVE LITTLE MAID.

THE STORY OF A HIGH TIDE.

ON the coast of Normandy, near Granville, the rise and fall of the tide are very great, being about forty-four feet at spring tides. It comes in very rapidly, and in particular places may be seen making up in a great wave two or three feet high. Two English gentlemen had been out on the sands watching the manner in which sand eels were caught, when of a sudden, one of them, whose name was Cross, shouted, "I forgot the tide, and here it comes!"

His companion, whose name was Hope, turned toward the sea and saw a stream of water running at a rapid rate, and replied quickly, "I suppose we had better be off."

"If we can," replied Cross; "by crossing the rocks we may yet be in time."

They began to scramble up the rocks, and walked as fast as they could toward the nearest shore; but it was some time before they reached the highest point. On gaining it they looked around, and saw that the sand was not yet covered, though lines of blue water here and there showed how fast it was rising. They hastened on, but had not gone far when they found that the sand was in narrow strips, with sheets of water between; but seeing a girl before them who was familiar with the beach, they cried: "We shall do yet!" and ran forward.

The girl, however, instead of going toward the shore, was running to meet them, and almost out of breath, cried: "The wave! the wave! it is coming. Turn, turn! run, or we are lost."

They did turn, and saw out at sea a large wave rolling toward the shore. Out of breath as they were, they yet increased their speed as they retraced their steps

toward the rocks they had just left. The little girl passed them and led the way. The two friends strained every nerve to keep pace with her, for as they neared the rocks the wave still rolled toward them, the sand becoming gradually covered. Their last few steps were knee-deep in water.

"Quick, quick!" said the girl; "there is the passage to cross, and if the second wave comes, we shall be too late."

She ran on for a hundred yards till she came to a crack in the rock six or seven feet wide, along which the water was rushing like a mill sluice.

"We are lost!" said the girl; "I can not cross; it will carry me away."

Cross lifted the girl in his arms, plunged into the stream, and though the water was up to his waist, he was soon across. His companion followed, and all three now stood on the rock.

"Come on, come on!" cried the girl; "we are nearly there!" and she led the way to the highest point of the rocks, and on reaching it cried: "We are safe now!"

All were thoughtful for a moment, as they saw the danger which God had delivered them from; looking around, the sand was one sheet of water.

"We are quite safe here," said the girl; "but we shall have to stay three or four hours before we can go to the shore."

"What made you forget the tide?" said Cross; "you must know the tide well."

"I did not forget it," she replied; "but I feared, as you were strangers, you would be drowned, and I ran back to tell you what to do."

"And did you risk your life to save ours?" said Hope, the tears starting to his eyes.

"I thought, at any rate, I should get here," she replied; "but I was very nearly too late."

Hope took the little girl in his arms and kissed her, and said: "We owe you our lives, you brave little maid."

Meanwhile the water was rising rapidly, till it almost touched their feet.

"There is no fear," said the girl; "the points of the rocks are always dry."

"Cold comfort," said Hope, looking at them; "but what shall we do for our young friend?" he said to Mr. Cross.

"If we put all the money in our pockets into a handkerchief, and tie it around her neck, it will warm her, I warrant, for she looks cold enough."

One of them had twenty, and the other seventeen francs, and binding these in a knot, Mr. Hope passed it around her neck. On receiving it, she blushed with delight, kissed both their hands, and cried: "How jealous my sister Angela will be, and how happy my mother!"

Just then a wave rolled past, and the water began to run along the little platform they were sitting upon; they rose and mounted on the rocky points, and had scarcely reached them when the water was a foot deep where they had just been seated. Another wave came—the water was within six inches of their feet.

"It is a terrible high tide," said the girl, "but if we hold together we shall not be washed away."

On looking to the shore they saw a great many people clustering together on the nearest point; a faint sound of cheers was heard, and they could see hats and handkerchiefs waved to them.

"The tide has turned," said the girl, "and they are shouting to cheer us."

She was right; in five minutes the place was dry.

They had some hours to wait before they could venture on the sand; it was quite dark before they reached the beach; but at length, guided by the lights on the shore, they gained their own home in safety, not unmindful of Him who says to the proud waves, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." The friends handsomely rewarded the little fisher-girl for her bravery.

THE BRAVE PEASANT.

IN lovely Italy, on the river Etsch, lies the city of Verona. Years ago a fine bridge spanned the river, and on its centre arch stood a small house. In this small house lived a man, who took the toll from foot and carriage passengers, and was called by the people the toll-gatherer.

One very cold winter the Etsch was entirely frozen up, and as a sudden thaw melted the snow on the mountains, streams of water rushed down, swelling the river so that it broke its icy covering before anybody expected it. The ice in huge masses pressed against the bridge, and before the toll-gatherer, his wife and children, could save themselves, the arches at both ends were torn away, leaving them no means of escape. The ice continued its work of destruction, and after a couple of hours nothing remained standing but the solitary pier which held the toll-gatherer's house.

The unfortunate man, who expected nothing but his own and his whole family's death, wrung his hands and cried for help. But though crowds of people stood on both shores of the river, and boats were at hand, no one had the courage to force a boat through the masses of ice and save the despairing toll-gatherer and his family.

A rich count on horseback, speeding toward the crowd and holding up a purse full of gold, cried aloud: "I will give this as a reward to him who dares to save the unfortunate family of the toll-gatherer!"

The surrounding persons heard the words of the noble count, but, however tempting the reward, not one dared undertake the hazardous task.

They began to give up all hopes of rescuing the unfortunates, when a plain countryman stepped through the crowd down to the shore, loosened a boat, jumped into it, and with strong arms and high courage forced it through the cracking ice and the roaring waves.

With beating hearts the people gazed after him; with fearful anxiety the toll-gatherer awaited his deliverer. He safely reached the pier, but the boat was too small to hold the whole family. Three times did the countryman repeat his daring undertaking; three times he rowed to the pier and back again, and did not rest until the noble deed was fully accomplished.

The rescued family overwhelmed him with thanks, and the count handed him the purse of gold.

But the countryman refused the latter. "Not for money," said he, "did I risk my life! Give it to the poor toll-gatherer, who has lost all he possessed."

Without waiting for an answer he passed through the crowd and disappeared in the distance.

Loud applause followed him.

His name was never known, but our dear Father in heaven knows it, and He will bless the plain countryman's heroism.

PRAYER.
DR. BARTOL.

"LET us pray!" says the priest; and if the effects are the answers of prayer, the summons is in order; no exercise merits more place. Said a scorner of clergy to the fugitive slave: Your feet, I guess, helped you more than your knees. But for the knees first, replied the black, I should have had no courage for the feet. No importunity will anticipate the fit course of events. The trouble, said Horace Mann, is that God is not in a hurry and I am! But prayer will strengthen us for our task and restrain us from impatience and mistake. Let us put ourselves into the duty, not the event. You doubt the effect of prayer? You would not without it have been here to doubt! It wafted you on that voyage, some centuries ago, among the seeds of things God's servants brought. Your future lot is in your present prayer, which must precede all noble effort. The first thing in heaven, said one, will be to have a good cry; over what but the accomplishment of all our entreaties and hopes? But prayer is preparation and preventive too, a check to fate, a brake on the wheels to ruin. It quenches lust, strikes fire of repentance in the flinty heart, shifts us from wrong courses to a safer tack, and persuades the Judge to return to its scabbard the half-unsheathed sword. Struggling among the consequences of violated laws, an executioner's weapon was brandished about me in my day-dreams; but from new obedience, the spectre I saw plain, as Macbeth the outward instrument of his bloody intent, vanished away. I had prayed myself out of the list of transgressors, and was taken from my cell for deliverance, not doom. We petition human authorities and will not give up the right. What bonds has God come under, into what gaol is he put, not to hear or help? David knew with prayer to navigate out of his straits. The will is a good oar; but, caught far from harbour in a calm, and obliged to row home, we have a sense of the value of the wind! At our wits' end, and with nought at our fingers' end, unable to argue, and ignorant how to act, doubt rises like a fog to overspread the landscape and obscure the prospect; or, with some bad habit honey-combing your conscience, what resort but prayer? As the old divine said, Sinning and praying go not together. A breakwater is not built bolt upright, but sloping to the sea; and with prayer against temptation we meekly bend our will. All have prayed earnestly who

have acted greatly. Washington, disturbed at his devotions, leaps up and thrusts his sword through the panel of the door, and Stonewall Jackson is loud in his closet before he thunders on the field. Is not profanity itself an inverted, ghastly appeal nearer to heaven than prayerless unbelief? The great discoverers, Newton, Kepler, Goodyear, wrest the secret from nature, with study and prayer.

EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

NOT on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed
Compose thy weary limbs to rest;
For they alone are blessed
With balmy sleep
Whom angels keep;
Nor, though by care oppressed,
Or anxious sorrow,
Or thought in many a coil perplexed
For coming morrow,
Lay not thy head
On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes shall close,
That earthly cares and woes
To thee may e'er return?
Arouse my soul!
Slumber control,
And let thy lamp burn brightly;
So shall thine eyes discern
Things pure and sightly;
Taught by the Spirit, learn
Never on prayerless bed
To lay thine unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care
That calls for holy prayer?
Has thy day been so bright
That in its flight
There is no trace of sorrow?
And thou art sure to-morrow
Will be like this, and more
Abundant? Dost thou yet lay up thy store,
And still make plans for more?
Thou fool! this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thy self more dear,
That ploughs the ocean deep,
And when storms sweep
The wintry, lowering sky,
For whom thou wak'st and weepst?
Oh, when thy pangs are deepest,
Seek then the covenant ark of prayer;
For He that slumbereth not is there—
His ear is open to thy cry.
Oh, then, on prayerless bed
Lay not thy thoughtless head.

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber,
Till in communion blest
With the elect ye rest—
Those souls of countless number;
And with them raise
The note of praise,
Reaching from earth to heaven—
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven;
So lay thy happy head,
Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed.

—Margaret Mercer.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A WOMAN'S TACT.—A lady saw a driver, angry with his horses for some fancied offence, about to lash them severely. She interrupted him by inquiring the way to a certain street, to a certain man's house, both of which she knew very well. But the driver, too gallant not to answer the lady's questions, had opportunity for his temper to cool, and restored the whip to its socket without striking a blow.

THE CHRISTIANITY FOR JAPAN.—A Japanese says, "Let our countrymen become Christians, according to their own sincere convictions, but not under any influence of intimidation or enticement. *Let the Christianity which will bless Japan be that of love, but not that of hell fire.* Perhaps you may use hell fire, but I am sure it will not work very well in Japan, for hell-fire has been preached by Buddhist priests for more than a thousand years."

SEEING AND BELIEVING.—"I don't believe much in the Bible," said a collegian to an old Quaker. "Does thee believe in France?" "Yes, I do. I never saw it, but I have plenty of proof that there is such a country." "Then thee does not believe anything unless thee or thy reliable friends have seen it?" "No, be sure I won't," "Did thee ever see thy own brains?" "No." "Did thee ever know anybody that has seen thy brains?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any brains?"

A PREFERENCE.—A correspondent writes us:—"I was somewhat shocked yesterday, when attending the service at Whitehall, to hear the Rev. James Moorhouse, of St. James', Paddington, say, 'Far better is the Roman Catholic, who "eats the flesh and drinks the blood of Christ," than the Socinian, who "walks in the light of Christ, and makes him his guide and exemplar."' This in the face of our Saviour's words, 'It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing,' &c. To what are we tending?"

CHURCH LIVINGS FOR SALE.—Some time ago the papers called attention to the fact that there were about five hundred and sixty livings and advowsons in the hands of agents for sale, or fourteen per cent. of all there were in the country! He also analysed the advertisements and quoted their most salient features. A hundred and seven commended themselves to purchasers because they included "good society." One mentioned fishing, hunting, shooting and "three rookeries." But nothing brought down the house like the promise of "good society, duty every other Sunday, the incumbent over eighty years of age and ailing." The voluntary system has its defects, but few of its blemishes are so offensive as these peculiarities of the Establishment.

HOW HE GOT A GREEK TESTAMENT.—The Rev. John Brown, when a poor shepherd boy, conceived the idea of learning Latin and Greek, and having procured a few old books, actually accomplished the task while tending his cattle on the hills. On one occasion he went to Edinburgh, plaided and barefoot, walked into a bookseller's store, and asked for a Greek Testament. "What are you going to do with a Greek Testament?" said the bookseller. "Read it," was the prompt reply. "Read it!" exclaimed the bookseller, with a smile; "ye may have it for nothing if ye'll read it." Taking the book, he quietly read off a few verses, and gave the translation; on which he was permitted to carry off the Greek Testament in triumph.

TABLE CONVERSATION.—A great deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents too often forget this; and, therefore, instead of swallowing your food in silence, instead of brooding over your business, instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation at the table be genial, kind, sociable, and cheering. Do not bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation, any more than in dishes. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table the better for your children. Every conversation with your company at your table is an educator of the family.

A DISJOINTED HEARER.—It was formerly a custom amongst the Scottish clergy to make frequent allusions in their prayers to the Pope, whom they always characterised by the epithet Anti-Christ. At the time, however, of the French Revolution, the "good old hatred" of Popery gave way before a still more dreadful subject of antipathy and horror—the mingled infidelity (and Jacobinism) of the tremendous event, and it then became customary to pray for the altar and throne. Soon after this material change in the prayers had taken place, a poor woman said one day to the Rev. Mr. F.—, of Montrose: "Sir, I hae something to spier at ye; but ye maunna tak it ill." "Na, na, Peggy," returned Mr. M.—, "I'll no tak it ill." "Then, dear me, minister," rejoined the old woman; "is yon Annie Christie (Anti-Christ) that ye prayed sae lang about, dead, or is she better? for I ne'er hae ye speak about her noo."

WHAT WAS JESUS.—In an able sermon on "What was Jesus," Rev. Laird Collier closes as follows: "My final thought, for which I crave a whole hour in which to express its fulness of love, reverence and adoration, is that Jesus was the incomparable and unique man of his race—the one man, so far as we know, who met the perfect law of righteousness, and so set it aflame with emotion as to make it possible and an enthusiasm to his followers. But superstition has turned the weary and unsatisfied eyes of the race away from the man to a *divine incognito*, to a God disguised, in order to play a dramatic part. This theological jugglery has been the obstruction of Christianity. To make God himself a deceiver is to destroy the foundation of both religion and morality. We are coming to Christ—let us thank God for the criticism which has made it possible—from a different point of view, upon a purely rational basis, and so we behold him human, and only human; he is not only more real, but even sublime, and more worthy to take his place at the horizon line of hope, where man touches God, and makes the immanence of God in man no longer a hope but a history. The orbit of Jesus is fixed. The fact is its explanation. Shall we ask why the Creator did not make the earth rather than the sun the source of light and heat? We know that Jesus is the finite whose life is the perpetual suggestion of the infinite."

The following are the terms for supplying the RECORD OF UNITARIAN WORTHIES, post free:—

	s.	d.
1 copy, per year	2	0
2 copies " " " " " " " "	3	6
3 " " " " " " " "	5	6
5 " " " " " " " "	6	0

Communications for the editor to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 73, Angell-road, Brixton, London.

Printed by SAMUEL TAYLOR, Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane London, and Published by EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand, London.